

The Hogwarts Play

by Sweets

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Summary: A play is going down @ hoggies. 1st story! be nice on Reviews!

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>
 Chapter one out of unknown number

>
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>
 Disclaimer: The Hogwarts crew belongs to the great, wonderful, imaginative, JK ROWLING.

>
 A/N: I know the paragraphs are short, but I like them like that...

>


~~~~~  
~~~~~  
>
 Hermione pulled out of his arms and jumped to her feet. 'Don't touch me,' she shouted, shivering with disgust.

>
 George looked up at her from the worn blue cloth couch. For some reason he was smiling. It was a very inappropriate response.

>
 Hermione saw the smile. 'How could you?' She asked him in a low, trembling voice. She clenched her fists and stood poised over him, debating whether to hit him or not to hit him.

>
 Finally she turned her back on him instead, her fists still clenched.

>
 What did I do?' George asked, his voice in a whine. He was trying to sound innocent, but the guilty smile had already given him away.

>
 Hermione didn't answer that. It wasn't worthy of a reply. Relaxing her fists, she ran both hands through her short chestnut hair. she didn't turn around.

>
 'What did I do?' George repeated. The question sounded even more insincere the second time around. He slapped the back of the couch with his large freckled fist.

>
 She turned quickly and gazed down at him with more hatred than he had ever seen on her face before. 'Lavender is my friend, my best

friend,' Hermione said, forcing her voice to stay low and cool. 'Did you really think that you could come on to her without my knowledge about it?'

>
 His face filled with surprise. This look, too, wasn't terribly convincing. 'She told you?'

>
 'Yes,' Hermione said. 'She told me.'

>
 George's face went blank. His brown eyes narrowed. His freckled forehead wrinkled. He was doing some deep thinking, and fast.

>
 'So what,' he asked with an insolent shrug.

>
 'So what? So what?' Hermione felt herself go out of control. 'How long have we been going together? How long?'

>
 She glanced frantically around. What was she looking for?

>
 'How can you sat ''So what'' to me after last week? The things we said..... So what? That's all that night meant to you? So what?'

>
 'Now chill out Herm. Let's both just chill out.'

>
 The desperation on her face told him that he should be frightened.

>
 George was right. He had gone too far this time.

>
 Hermione found what she was looking for. The knife was still on the sideboard, right where she had left it. She swept it into her hand, and in one swift motion-not enough time to think about it-she plunged the blade deep into his chest.

>
 He didn't even scream.

>
 His eyes rolled up in his head. He started to clutch his chest, but his arms fell to his sides, and he pitched forward, landing face down on the floor with a loud thud.

>
 She stared down at him for a few seconds and then raised her eyes to the ceiling. 'Oh Lord,' she cried. 'What have I done? What have I done?'

>

> 'Save that! Save that feeling!'
> Hermione heard Lawrence Maxwell shouting from the back of the Great Hall. 'Save that
> Fourth years at Hogwarts was putting on a play. Larry Maxwell was called in to direct. Maxwell was a wizard. He was also a great director. This was their 4th year. Hermione was auditioning for the main part in the play titled "Curtains." George Weasley was trying out for the male lead.
>

End
file.